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DRAWING 28

POETS

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with E

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

WHEN LINCOLN DIED.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

When Lincoln died a universal grief
Went round the earth. Men loved him in
that hour.
The north her leader lost, the south her
friend;
The nation lost its savior, and the slave
Lost his deliverer, the most of all.
Oh, there was sorrow mid the humble
poor

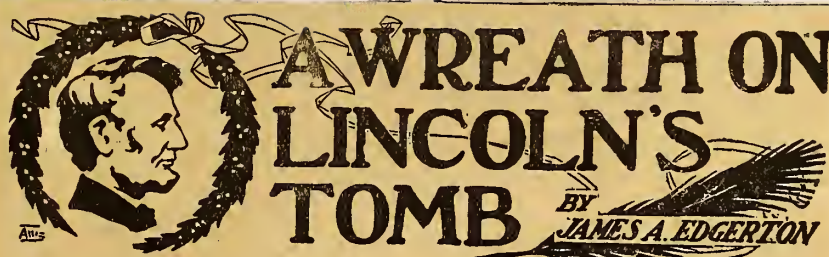
When Lincoln died!

When Lincoln died a great soul passed
from earth,
A great white soul, as tender as a child
And yet as iron willed as Hercules.
In him were strength and gentleness so
mixed
That each upheld the other. He pos-
sessed
The patient firmness of a loving heart.
In power he out-kinged emperors, and yet
His mercy was as boundless as his power.
And he was jovial, laughter loving; still
His heart was ever torn with suffering.
There was divine compassion in the man.
A godlike love and pity for his race.
The world saw the full measure of that
love

When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died a type was lost to
men.
The earth has had her conquerors and
kings
And many of the common great. Through
all
She only had one Lincoln. There is none
Like him in all the annals of the past.
He was a growth of our new soil, a child
Of our new time, a symbol of the race
That freedom breeds; was of the lowest
rank,
And yet he scaled with ease the highest
height.
Mankind one of its few immortals lost
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died it seemed a provi-
dence,
For he appeared as one sent for a work
Whom, when that work was done, God
summoned home.
He led a splendid fight for liberty,
And when the shackles fell the land was
saved;
He laid his armor by and sought his rest.
A glory sent from heaven covered him
When Lincoln died.



[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

LAST year saw Lincoln's triumph. O'er his tomb
The century plant of fame burst into bloom,
And all the earth was filled with its perfume.

IT was most meet that in that selfsame year
The skies above his land should wholly clear
And the last clouds of section disappear.

FOR that was his own dream. He sought to write
But one word---"Union." On the future's height
It now is written in eternal light.

WHATEVER stress of madness or of crime
Shall rack the world, that covenant sublime
Is now secure through all the storms of time.

AND one who sits today in Lincoln's seat
Has made the bonds of union more complete,
Has made the name of union yet more sweet.

THE new time over all the land is born;
Over the cotton's snow and silken corn
The north and south clasp hands and face the morn.

O'ER blue and gray strew flowers with love's perfume
And for a wreath to strew on Lincoln's tomb
Weave the word "Union" out of fragrant bloom.



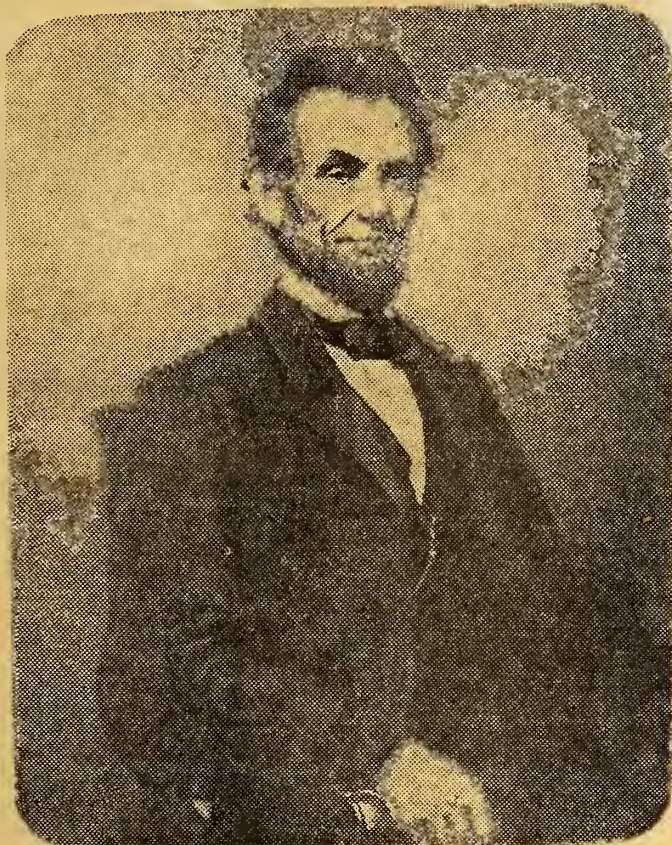
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By EUGENE MASON EDWARDS

He stands a moment musing, gaunt and tall,
His rare smile fading in a mist of pain,
With vision of the awful hail and rain
Where war's incessant surges rise and fall,
Then wearily resumes his task again;
Somehow a larger calm, a softer grace
Now sweep the shadows from his rugged face,
As when the sun's full splendor floods the plain,
And while they gather round in solemn state
His counselors are shocked to hear him laugh
With unchecked gusto at some jester's chaff.
And view him with a look austere, sedate.
We little sensed how thro the troubled years
Twin angels kept him sane with mirth or tears.

The Portland Press 2/12/31

'Through The Troubled Years Sane With Mirth Or Tears'



Abraham Lincoln

By Eugene Mason Edwards

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The late Eugene Mason Edwards, author of this tribute to Abraham Lincoln, was for many years a traveling salesman in Northern New England for Boston and Portland dry goods firms. He was a native of Gardner and lived for many years at Lisbon Center, where he died Aug. 11, 1931.

Abraham Lincoln

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—Eugene Mason Edwards.

Egan, James G.

"Of our sixteenth president the artist
Carpenter said...."

President Lincoln

Visits Lincoln's Tomb in Illinois



James G. Egan

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Of our sixteenth president the
artist Carpenter said

"He has the saddest face I
ever knew"

This much misjudged, and com-
plex man

Whose personality upon peo-
ple grew

His appointments were never
made by personal likes

But by the appointees' ability

He wished victory from our
most shattering crisis

With peace for an undivided
country

By issuance of the Emancipa-
tion Proclamation

And dramatizing the Civil War
for his countrymen

He achieved preservation of
the union

Thus Abraham Lincoln kept us
one nation.

by James G. Egan

AMVET National Poet Laureate

Egan, James G.

Of our sixteenth President the artist Carpenter said,

February 13, 1974

Everett News

Everett, Mass.



James G. Egan at tomb of President Lincoln

James G. Egan, AMVET Department Poet Laureate and 182nd Infantry Association Poet Laureate, was notified by R. Gerald McMurtry, the Director of Lincoln National Life Foundation that his poem below was added to the archives of the foundation. Also, Ernest L. Wright, superintendent of Abraham Lincoln Birthplace National Historic Site at Hodgenville, Kentucky has commended it.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Of our sixteenth President the artist Carpenter said,
"He has the saddest face I ever knew,"
This much misjudged and complex man
Whose personality upon people grew.

His appointments were never made by personal likes,
But by the appointee's ability.
He wished victory from our most shattering crisis,
With peace for an undivided country.

By issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation
And dramatizing the Civil War for his countrymen
He achieved preservation of the Union.
Thus Abraham Lincoln kept us one nation.

by JAMES G. EGAN

The Indianapolis Star

STAR, FEBRUARY 7, 1937.

Abraham Lincoln's Sister, Sarah.

Next Wednesday is the 130th anniversary of the birth of Sarah Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's sister, a tragic little figure lifted from oblivion by the fame of her brother. She was born Feb. 10th, 1807. She married Aaron Grigsby and died Jan. 20, 1828. About twenty-five years ago her grave was discovered, after being unmarked for probably fifty years. On June 20, 1916, the state of Indiana erected a monument over her grave at Pigeon Creek Baptist cemetery, about a mile from the grave of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother. At the dedication of the monument Fred VanNuys of Indianapolis, now United States senator from Indiana, delivered the oration. Jessie Weik of Greencastle, biographer of Lincoln, gave the history, and Max Ehrman of Terre Haute read the following poem he had written for the occasion:

The summer moon and sun have watched her sleep
Now fourscore years and eight. To him this place
Was ever dear with twilight's tender memories;
For here her laughing lips cried out, "Halloo!"
As up the path he came at close of day.
A thousand times he bore her on his back,
With boyish strength abused her lovingly,
Provoked by playful taunts, by many jests.
Then she, returning to her tasks indoors,
Left him alone to brood upon the night.
The sunset built famed cities in his brain,
Forced from his breast the sigh for surging men,
Welling up, like wind-tossed rivers, one great hope,
To force from life the promises of dream.
One round of toiling days, of peaceful nights.
He stood here once, a saddened boy, forlorn,
And saw her form descend into the earth.
Thus early came the gloaming to his soul,
Into his boyish eyes the far-off look
That, yearning, seeks to see where death has trod.
He wandered forth, through darkened wilderness;
Yet somehow ever wandered toward the light,
Until he held a nation in his hand.
He was a rock in storm: in milder days
A pliant branch bent down with mellow fruit.
He was as tender as the yellow leaves
That autumn winds toss o'er her grave.
Through leaden days, through fevered flaming nights,
Through hate and horror of a blood-smeared land,
This early sorrow made for love in him.
Here, then, was sorrow garnished, grief made great.
Here bloomed the balm that soothed a nation's wounds.
And his dead self still makes for love and peace.

Almighty God; right well this Nation knows Thee now.
Before it would unto Thy holy purpose bow-
Regardless of all right, it basely did withstand-
All the just laws for freedom, by Thy wisdom planned.
How long-Oh Lord: at length was heard the sigh,
And then-in answer to the Nation's cry-
Make good thy word-came back God's swift reply.

Long hast Thou said, before Thy law all men should
equal be.

In meet repentance now make all Thy bondmen free.
Now take in meekness, all the stripes - the woes -
the pain-

Called down upon thy head, such awful bloody reign.
Oh God; now let Thy worn and faithful servant rest-
Lincoln-Thine own appointed, on his Father's breast.
Next comes the answer; and the tragic end

Of life-to everybody's faithful friend
While many millions pause; to weep
"God giveth His beloved-sleep."

Abraham Lincoln

Fifteen April, A. D. 1865

God on our costly funeral pyre hath laid

The costliest sacrifice that could be made :

He who has braved all perils undismayed,

Hath been by some mad dastard foully slain ;—

And we are stricken dumb ! We loved him so,

That tears,—not words,—best testify our grief

While wrestling with this overwhelming woe,

Which seems too sharp—too sudden for belief.

And yet, he is not dead ! They cannot die

Whose lives are moulded to such perfect plan,

That in the heart of every honest man,

They win a place for their dear memory.

He is not dead ! Thank God,—'tis just begun,

The life of this—our second Washington.

T. H. Elliott

Brattleboro, Vt.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Elliston, George

TO LINCOLN

"To Lincoln and the
principles That make
him great,"

Every-Day Poems

To Lincoln
To Lincoln and the principles
That made him great,
A nation bows today, asks youth
To emulate
The great emancipator, holds
His life to view;
All that he represented shines
Again, anew.
To Lincoln once again a toast,
To his high name
A nation bows, eternal is
His lasting fame.

George Elliston

Phil. Bulletin 2-12-1936

Emans, Elaine V.

To Ann Rutledge

"You were the loveliest thing in
Lincoln's life."



TO ANN RUTLEDGE

by Elaine V. Emans

You were the loveliest thing in Lincoln's life.
Glory he knew, and fame, and veneration,
Long hardship, and the bitterness of strife,
And loneliness and grief, and much privation,
But you were beauty for a little hour.
Against the ruggedness of his whole
Existence, you were an exquisite flower
Unto the need and hunger of his soul.

So short a time, Ann Rutledge, did you spend
Here in your gentle springtime, suddenly leaving
More strangeness than one youth could comprehend,
And loneliness and heartbreak, and deep grieving.
Surely he found, upon the farther shore,
The flower he had so cherished long before.

Pictorial Review Feb-1936

EMANS, ELAINE V.

Christian Science Monitor, Mass.
February 12, 1958



Luoma Photo

We Say That Lincoln . . .

We say that Lincoln was a part of all
His pioneer environment: the splitting
Of rails, the deprivations, the outwitting
Of weather and enemy. We say the tall
Emancipator with the eyes of sorrow,
The heart as great as earth, grew out of his
America, yet such a statement is
But half-truth. Yesterday, today, tomorrow,
Somehow America grows out of him:
When our integrity is threadbare, we
Are clothed anew, recalling his; and when
Our faith or hope or tolerance is dim
He trims our lamps for us; when we would be
Small-hearted, Lincoln bids us love again.

ELAINE V. EMANS

HE WILL WRITE LETTERS

You cannot refine Mr. Lincoln's taste, extend his horizon, or clear his judgment; he will not walk dignifiedly through the traditional part of the President of America, but will pop out his head at each railroad station and make a little speech, and get into an argument with Squire A. and Judge B. He will write letters to Horace Greeley, and any editor or reporter or saucy party committee that writes him, and cheapen himself.

But this we must be ready for, and let the clown appear, and hug ourselves that we are well off, if we have got good nature, honest meaning, and fidelity to public interest, with bad manners--instead of an elegant roue and malignant self-seeker.

From Ralph Waldo Emerson's Journals, October, 1863.

Harper's Magazine, February, 1951.

AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF "DIXIE"

- 45 "DIXIE." EMMETT, Daniel D. Noted American Song Writer and Minstrel; wrote the famous song "Dixie." Auto. Ms. SGD. TWICE of "Dixie's Land." 2½ pp., folio. 1900. Words and music of first stanza and chorus and words of the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas and a note regarding the song are in Emmett's autograph. \$450.00

AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT entirely in the handwriting of "Dan" Emmett of his celebrated air, "Dixie." Emmett wrote the song in 1859 when he was one of the original four of Bryant's Minstrels who played in the Old Park Theatre, Park Row, New York City. The other three of the "Big Four" were "Dick" Pelham, "Billy" Whitlock, and "Joe" Sweeney. The author has transcribed the song in full, the words and music of the first stanza and chorus, and the words of five additional stanzas. Besides this, he has added a note regarding the history of the song, as follows: "'Dixie's Land' after the original copy composed by me in the year 1859 in the city of New York.

"DIXIE." EMMETT, Daniel D. — (Continued)

DANIEL D. EMMETT." At the bottom of the first page he writes again: "This copy of 'Dixie,' music and words, was made by me for Dewitt Miller, December 20, 1900. DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT. Author of 'Dixie'."

ms. 1940

NANCY HANKS.

Meekly as Mary came to Bethlehem,

But with her mother's mission half fulfilled,
She came into the wood. And over them—

Her plodding mate, herself, her son—was spilled,
Through verdant groins and arches far aloft,
Largess of sunshine, honey-sweet and soft.

Humble as Mary's manger was her bed;

Lowly her life and station; but her dreams—
Her mother dreams—soared to the stars o'erhead
And searched unseen horizons for their themes.

Thus, building stately castles for her child,
She lived in squalor and was reconciled.

And so she lived in patient solitude,

And so she passed away, without complaint,
Drudging and dreaming in the silent wood,
A pioneer, a mother and a saint,
Solaced and satisfied for that her son
Might some day scale the heights her vision won.

They buried her, there, in the forest gloom,

Mourned her a space, then stolidly moved on
And left the winds to strew her lonely tomb
With withered leaves and drifting snow, anon,
But, sleeping there, perhaps—perhaps she knew
When all her mother dreams at last came true.

meekly as Mary came to Bethlehem 8-24-29

EOLUS.

*22e Wm. Cuy**2/13/37*

From the Lincoln Memorial at Washington

IN SILENT majesty he bends
His gaze upon the land, whose
ends

He served in time of civil strife,
And at its close laid down his life.

And on his thoughtful rugged face,
There seems of scorn to be a trace,
For those who selfish interest seek—
His lips seem parting—hear him
speak:

"Oh, land I staked my all to save,
Oh, land for which my life I
gave,

My fame's secure—then cease thy
praise,
Acclaim forbear, but tread my
ways."

—WALTER ESMER

THE OWL OF SIGMA NU PHI

41

LINCOLN

By W. WALTER ESMER

"Uncouth!"—his foes oft' said of him
Who freedom to the bondman gave;
Uncouth?—but better so—and true,
Than polished—and a dupe or knave!

In council safe, in action wise,
Peer of earth's most potent king;
In purpose pure, with child-like faith,
For truth and right dared ev'rything!

Without one drop of royal blood,
He sprang from no imperial line;
Yet courts and kingdoms never knew
A life so regal—just—benign!

Rough-hewn as some great oak, he stood
With feet firm-rooted in earth's sod,
Immovable when in the right;
And arms uplifted to his God.

Friend cannot crown, nor foe bedim
The lustre of his deathless fame;
Supreme among earth's noblest great,
Forevermore stands Lincoln's name!

(FROM KIAWANIS MAGAZINE)

On the occasion of the dedication of
LINCOLN MEMORIAL MONUMENT.
May 30, 1922.

Lincoln: To thee a monument we raise
While statesmen utter words of loudest praise;
But scarce one shares thy noble soul
Or sees thy vision's final goal.
Men of thy type are now in jail
While others are released on bail:
For moral purposes they dared
To stand erect while others feared.

EDWIN EVANS,
Washington, D. C.

Edwin Evans

N.Y. Tribune
Feb. 12 The Boy Lincoln 1929

DARKNESS without—the monotonous
darkness of night,
Pregnant with winter and wind and
the prying cold—
And darker corners within, deepened
by light
Doubtfully swinging in pendants of
copper and gold
Above the rough hearth. The neces-
sitous guerdon of sleep
Long since had dowered the others—
the cabin was still—
And yet the loose length of a figure,
attentive and deep
Against the slow ashes, elbowed the
fireplace sill.

A figure with limbs of a boy, and the
eyes of a man,
The lips of the worker, the hands of
the wonderer,
The forehead of one whose dispassion-
ate ancestry ran
There to rebellion in wisdom, the
intricate stir
Of new thought and old patience, the
reason of right and of wrong.
Not then could he know, as he lin-
gered at boyish full length,
Of the imminent concept of destiny,
and the strong
Decision of time that must bleed him
of palpable strength.

Nor could he have understood, as he
lingered there;
And that were kind, for a boy's heart
can be young
But once. Perhaps he remembered earth
warm to the share
And sweet with the spring—or the
bite of an ax-blade swung
In the pulse of brittle trees—or a sud-
den gleam
Wedging a pool—or the hush of a
troubled quail—
Or the swift illusion of an unformed
dream—
Or the friendliness of an oft-repeated
tale.

He could not know that a nation's
breadth was wrought
In each beat of his simple, unrelated
thought.

Jerry Evans.

Church Life - First Baptist Church
Oak Park, Illinois

OUR CHURCH PAPER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Child of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin soil,
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;
God and nature together shaped him to lead in the van,
In the stress of the wildest weather, when the nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smoldering fire, heart of a lion at bay,
Patience to plan for tomorrow, valor to serve for today;
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a flash with a jest,
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the ache that was dull in his breast.

Met were the man and the hour—man who was strong for the shock—
Fierce were the lightnings unleashed; in the midst, he stood fast as a rock.
Comrade he was and commander, he who was meant for the time,
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof, and sublime.

Swift slip the years from their fether, centuries pass like a breath,
Only some lives are immortal, challenging darkness and death.
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, writ in the star-dust his name,
Glowing, untarnished, transeendent, high on the records of fame.

—Everywhere

LINCOLN'S DAY

'Twas not his high or lowly birth,
'Twas not the lure of fame
That gave the man his sterling worth
And crowned our Lincoln's name.

The armies of the "Blue and Gray"
Have found his honest ways,
That call us all upon this day
To sing in Lincoln's praise.

He broke the power of slavery's flood,
And so in louder speech
Declares he freely gave his blood
In freedom's name for each!

To keep his day shall ever be
Columbia's holy pride;
Such heroes on the land or sea
In vain have never died.

With reverent language speak his name,
And love shall crown his head;
The heart will be his Hall of Fame,
Then, Lincoln is not dead!

—D. S. E.

CONGER

